

### **Scheme Season**

by Jade Ann Brennan

Volume 1: Dream Cult Utopia November 2023

### Contributors

## Words

Jade Ann Brennan

# **Compositions**

Jade Ann Brennan:Covers, 16-	-17, 26-28
Lyndsey Brennan:	3-7, 10-11
Hope Brennan:	22-23
Michaela Brennan:	4-5
Matthew Chern:	12-13
Mel Cook:	18
Barry Goldberg:	24-25
Jenny Hurlburt:	20-21
Bekah Jones:	14-15
Julia Rainey:	8-9

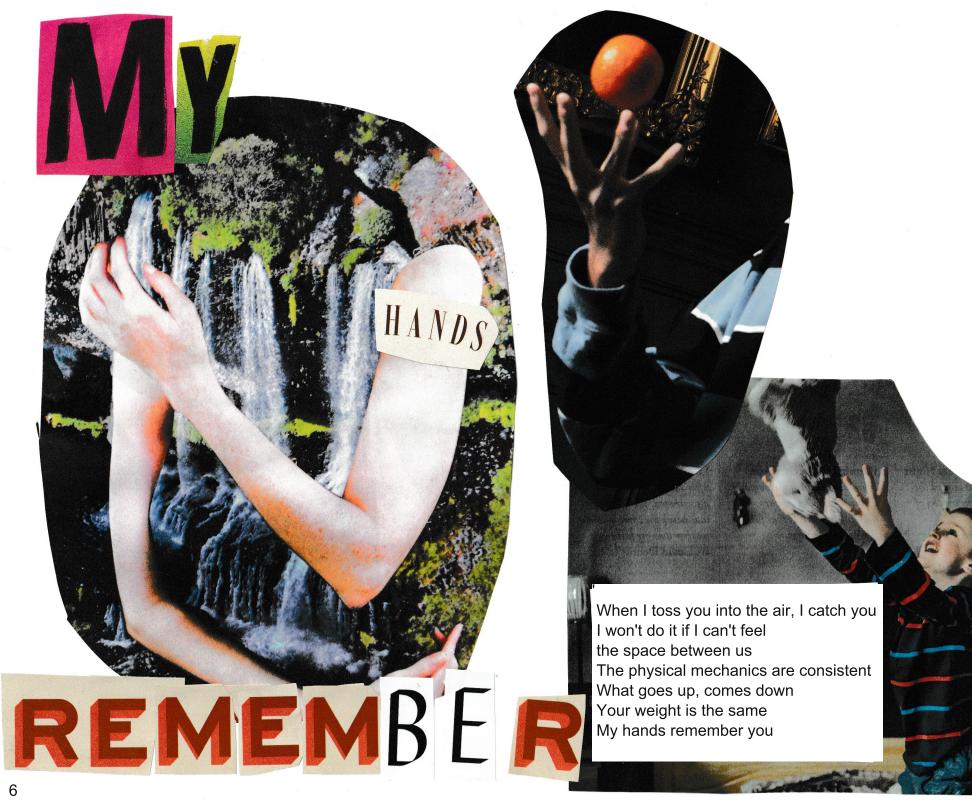
# **Editor**

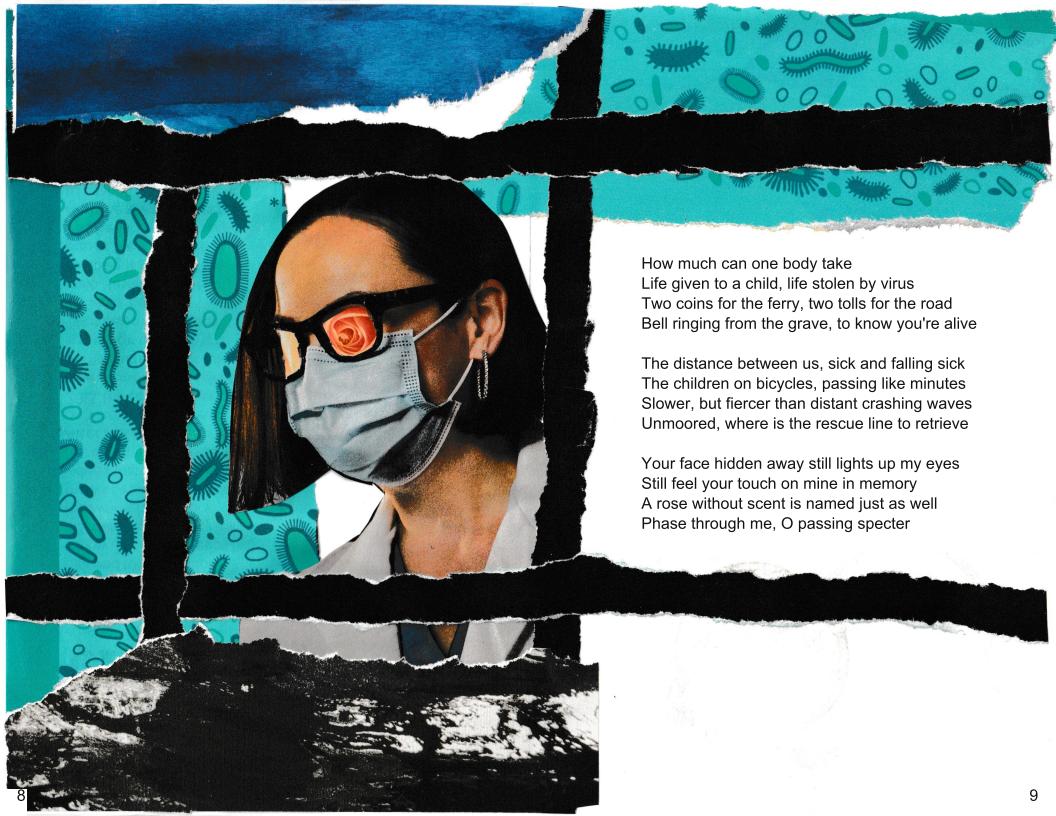
Jade Ann Brennan

## **Table of Contents**

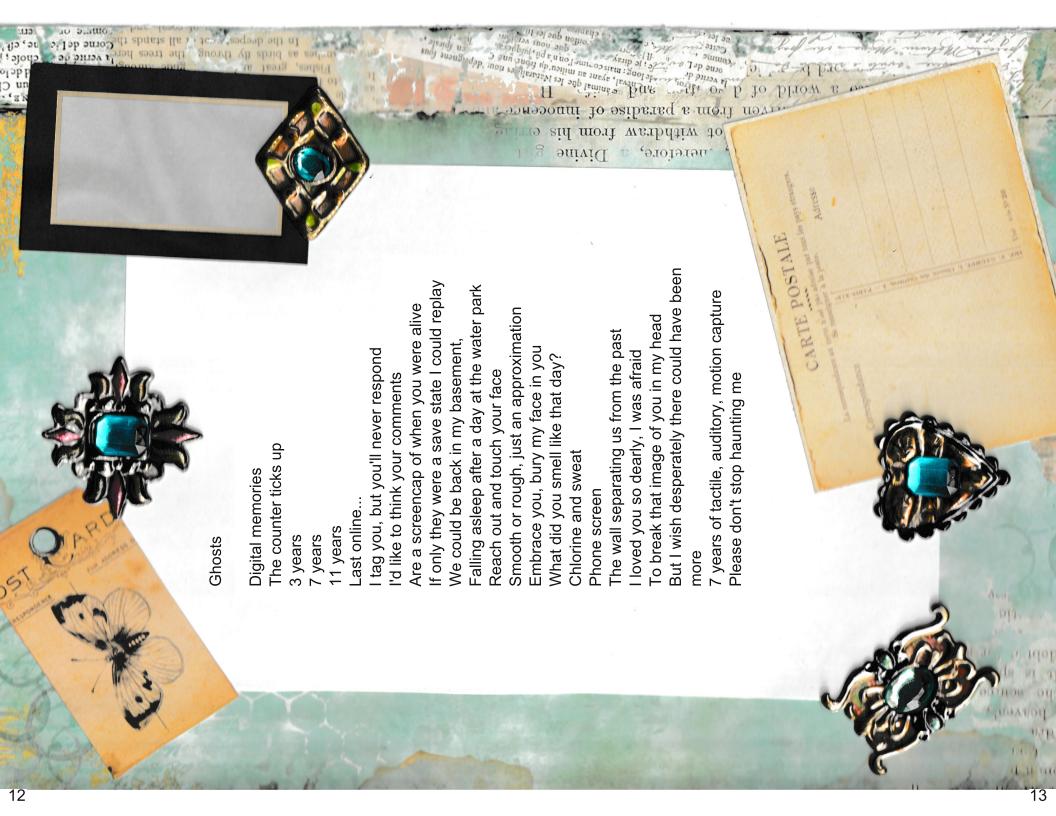
Title Page	1
Contributors	2
Table of Contents (Recursive)	3
"Strawberry rhubarb pie slice"	5
"Your hands struggle to get fruit into your mouth"	5
"When I toss you into the air, I catch you"	7
"How much can one body take"	9
"The tendon on my wrist is bulging"	11
"Ghosts"	12-13
"The Dust of the Journey"	15
Maze	16-17
"Cut!"	19
"Gather the loose buttons"	21
"Pinocchio came to the house in the woods"	23
"God of mischief, of many faces and locations"	25
"Customized Me"	27
"Great grandma once told me about the mine"	29
Author's Note	31













The Dust of the Journey

My pilgrimage ended in disillusionment. My piety destroyed the church. My crusade felled my ally. My desert led to exile. My crops poisoned my people.

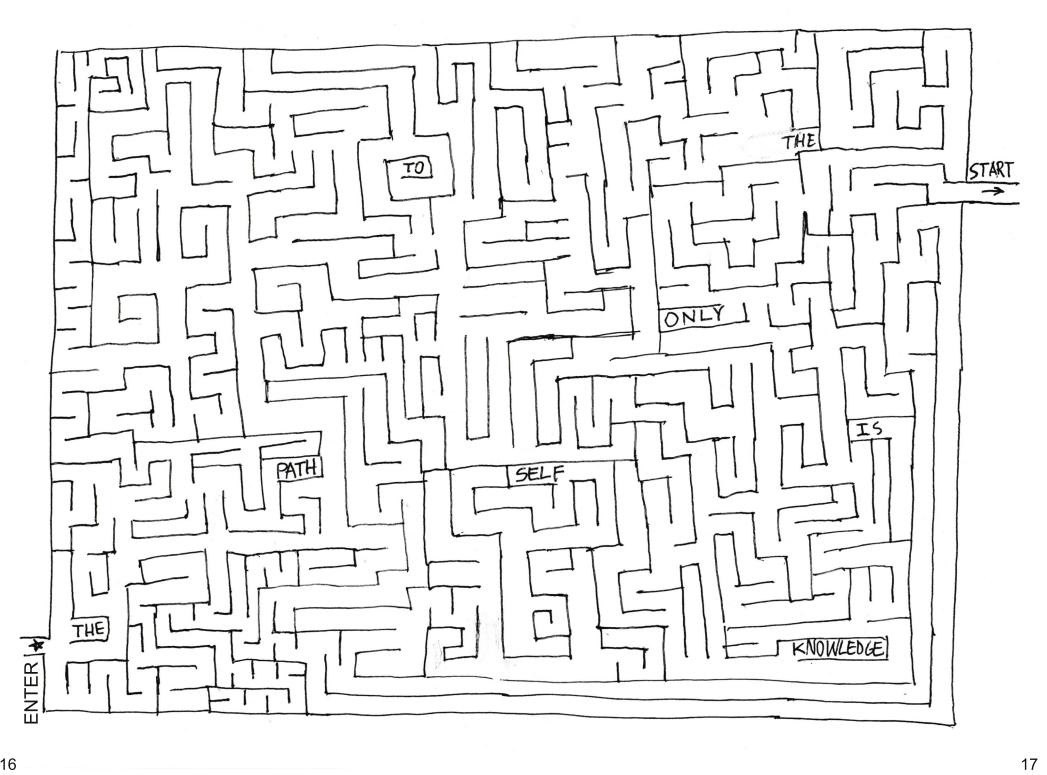
> The ant stores up for the winter, The grasshopper lays its eggs and dies. Neither is more venerable.

The conch overtakes other snails, writhing and devouring with skill, Even starfish deftly hunt their quarry, without a brain;

I travel to the mountain and return with a curse. I am crippled by a marble-sized cyst. Disjointed hopes, like roots in the ground, strain for want

My arm compulsively raised in salute rockets trail burnt ochre scars through the sky in unison, the symphony of our demise.

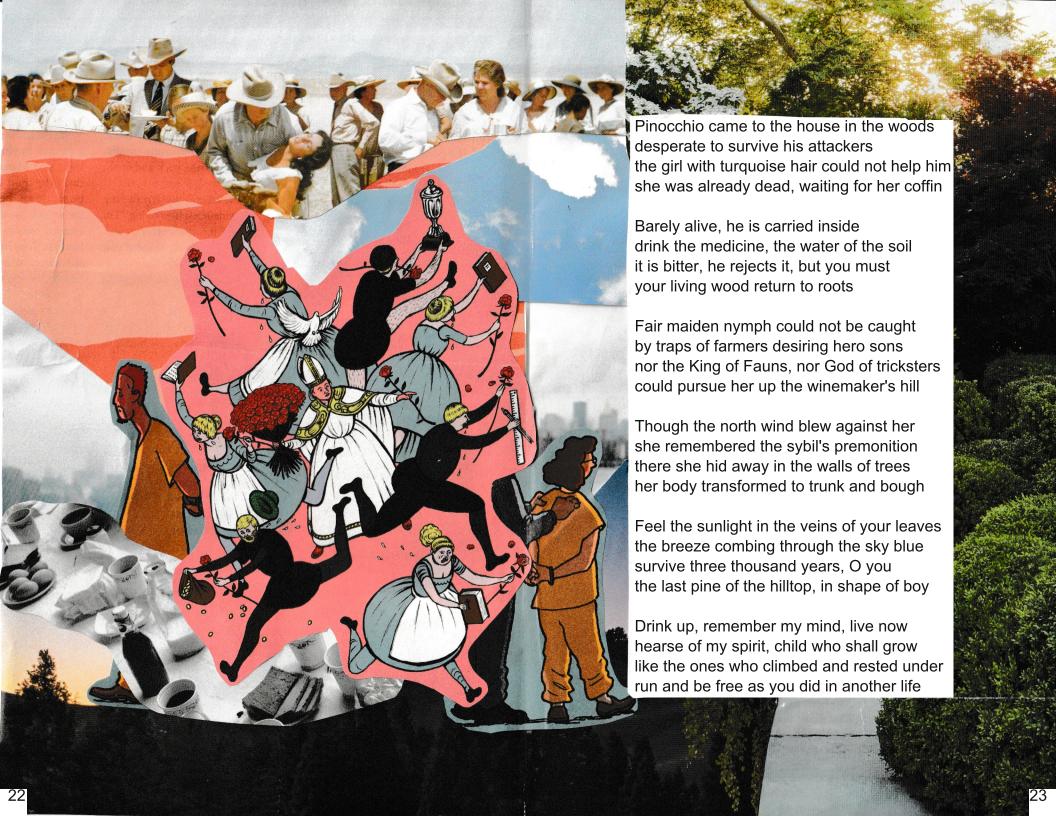
> The dust of the journey... If only I could show you its true value.





Cut!
The directors says
Her neckline is too high
She is just an object to pose
Cut!
One fewer line
Her wages even smaller
Royalties swept by the stream















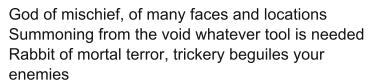












No harm can touch your shifting shape Mastery of wigs, heels, lipstick, eyeliner Hearts swoon, shoot out of eyeballs Fall prostrate before your power, you divine Bless us with your fuckery, Bugs Bunny



















#### **Customized Me**

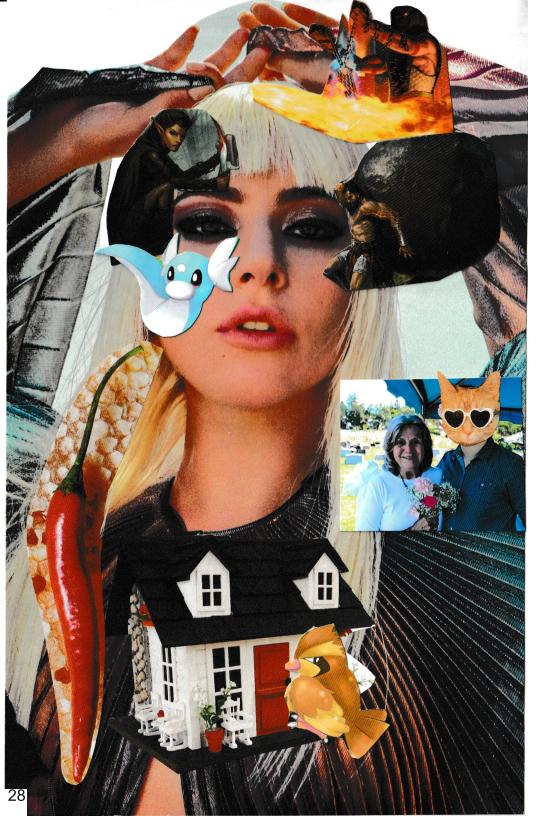
Take a part of me, snip, rearrange
Paste in whatever pattern or pastiche you prefer
Whiteout the smears and blood
Write in your desires and ideals
Make me your marionette mummy
Modpodged in strips of newspaper
Me, your talking point en point to perform
Customized comfortable costume

Loom

26







Great grandma once told me about the mine fire near Frostburg where she was born It burned for over a century, or so it said in a 1987 Washington Post article. You could cook an egg on the ground, or the leaping steam and boiling streams I think it was a part of her soul, that kept her burning a hundred years as well In the bosom of mother mountain, after the flames drove the miners away And her children, to the states beyond that sliver of Western Maryland She said you could see Pennsylvania or Virginia hills, depending which way you faced She lived in Cumberland, Maryville, Cresaptown, but the family house sold off My uncle said he'd move back one day, but he wasn't well enough to go for the funeral He left an old house-full junk mine for my nana to unearth. She buried him and their mom All that weight slid down the slopes like rainfall to her, the Appalachian Sisyphus Nana said that was the last time she would go home, none of her kin remain When I pass through, I hear the hills whispering, a welcome or a warning A wanting, weary from waiting, for what exactly, the warden of that fire's prison

A blank page, a pause between breaths.

The Dream is an unachievable ideal, to which the American Utopia demands Cultish devotion at the expense of humanity. How does one survive the Dream Cult Utopia? Only through mutual care and solidarity between the exploited.

This zine is a culmination of many years of writing. Several pieces come from the 2023 November PAD (Poem A Day) Chapbook Challenge hosted online by Writer's Digest. I began participating the same year that my then-friend Lyndsey was attempting NaNoWriMo (National Novel Writing Month). I briefly



(foolishly) considered joining her after not having written consistently in any college course since sophomore year, but I realized my error and switched to a more achievable goal. Since then, Lyndsey and I have exchanged numerous poems, notes, mixtapes, and intimate moments; we celebrated six years of marriage; I transitioned; and we welcomed our beloved Gabriel to the world. I always told myself I would try to get published, but I'm nothing if not a procrastinator. I wanted to do something special for my thirtieth birthday, but that's a whole year away, so instead I did something for 29 and invited friends and family to create something to accompany my poems. I hope you enjoy their work and mine.

Jade Ann Brennan (they/she)

For inqueries, email me at jade.a.brennan@gmail.com
Digital version and print-your-own format available at:
https://archive.org/details/scheme-season-vol1-nov2023
Share, remix, be inspired. What goes around returns. Art is communal.



A Fox-Crow Variety Studio Production



Scheme Season, vol. 1: Dream Cult Utopia © 2023 by Jade Ann Brennan is licensed under Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 4.0 International

